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reed songs

I.

whistle-in
    sing the hollow-pipes
    of bird-bone or leg-tube
    jointed to

leech into soil's black trauma
a double-reed will always carry down

its muffled tune
from contort of leaf to nub of root

there is bone substance to
the fallen bough as
there is to the winged-bird
both perfume

a maerl of
barely encloses both
the feathered and
the not

a shell -

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II.

Euterpe, muse of lyric poetry
I can hear your double-flute's song

those reeds tremble even here as
An Doilin emblazes her corals from

red, reddish
to pink
to salmon pink
to warm peach and

eventually it stagnates to a sense of
middling yellow
a sickly kind of yellow
to brownish cream

The maerl is never bone white

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III.

there is a horse there on the hill
a Connemara

She had tumbled down the stone walls in flight
in frenzy
the men caught her

amongst the strife the orange flame

the yellow strife
the white

white grey and cream her
mane her tail is against the wall

the bone-beach is sometimes called *Trá na Bpaistí,*
a monument there

a famine grave is nearby

the maerl holds the names of the nameless dead
the places of their graves

and even here
here still -
Your twin reeds tremble a song

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IV.

I'd rather it were a muse dangling above my head in her purple cloud dress
than a crystal chandelier of gaudy pattern floating in the many-coloured sky

a painted backdrop is between the vanished bookcase and wall
each breeze brings the noise of tea-cup-clatter a loud tea room

separator of light

I am scraping my bare foot on a bright tiger claw
and I am agitated down to my bruised flesh

give me the muse
the reed song
song of the bones
a hollow bone a
twin reeds' tune

anything but this
noise

Reed Songs I-IV
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